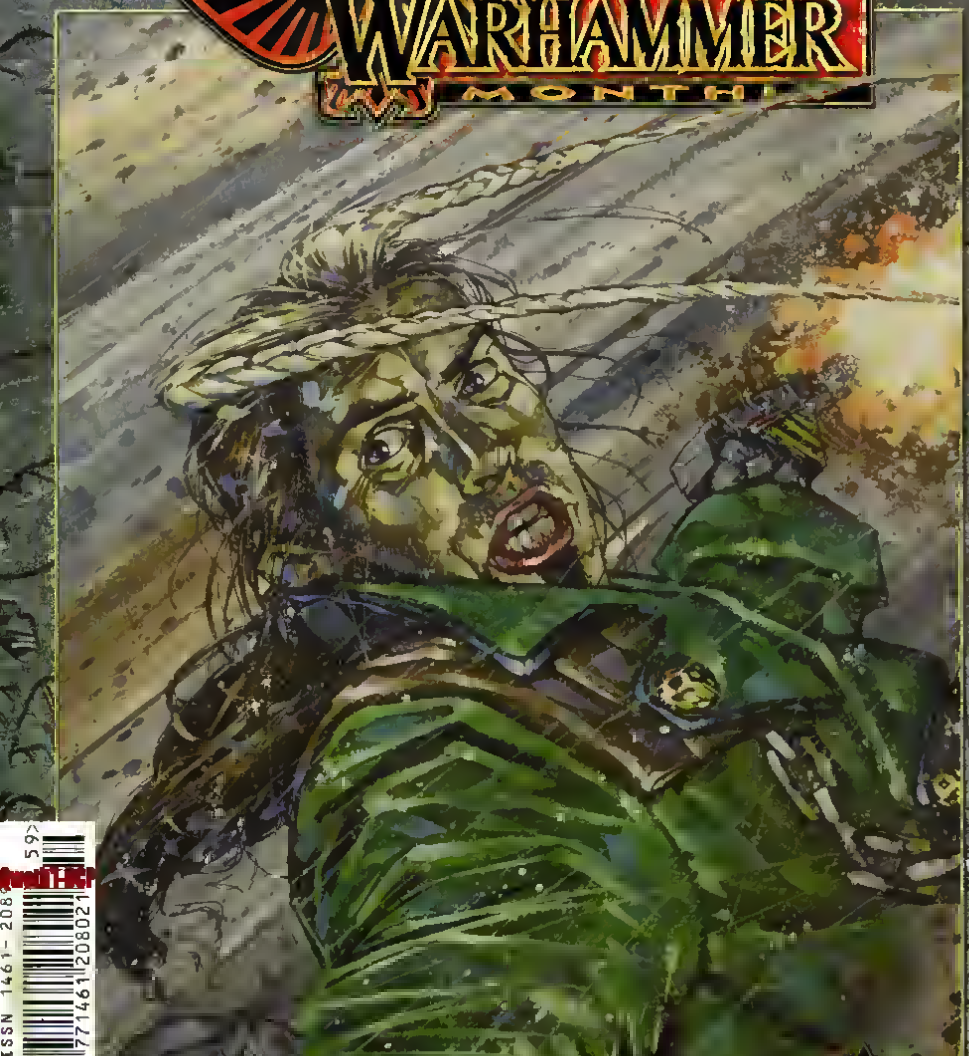
THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE GALAXY BURN!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY



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CREEPING DEATH

THE ANCIENT EVIL AWAKES!

#59

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There's a trend doing the rounds at the moment where publishers are desperately trying to revive characters and series from the 70s and 80s and turn them into hit comic books. Think of a popular (or in some cases, the most obscure) Saturday morning cartoon series or comic book that was around between 1975 and 1985 and chances are it's already been produced as a comic book or it's scheduled for release in the next couple of months. And this retro trend doesn't stop with comic books; even TV and movie producers are getting hip to it and remaking everything from Rollerball to a live-action Scooby Doo movie to varying degrees of success.

Somebody asked me the other day how Warhammer Monthly could tap into this retro market and my answer was, why do we need to? Provided we keep putting out top quality stories that stay true to the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 then we don't need to follow trends or jump on the latest bandwagon. And I guess, in a way, we are slightly retro in our outlook because as I remember it, most comics from the 70s and 80s were also all about style and substance, not just one or the other.

Now when is someboay going to get around to remaking Diff'rent Strokes?

CHRISTIAN DUNN

KAL JERICO

As they move further into the drifting Space Hulk, Kal and his team make some gruesome and strange discoveries.

HELLBRANDT GRIMM

A witch hunter investigates the violent death of a leading wizard and finds more then he bargained for.

BLOODQUEST

Has Leonatos fallen to the Dark Gods of Chaos? Or is there a more sinister evil behind his diabolical plans?

THE TROLLSLAYER'S TALE

A down on his luck Trollslayer relates his tale of woe to the patrons of the Ten Tailed Cat.

DISPATCHES:

Bozlug 'ere. I've sent that 'orrible 'umie editor to sharpen me axe while I tell ya about 'ow I've used me considerable powerz of perswazion to get this lot to put some of us orcs into War'ammer Munffly. Them Sharp Bruvverz are working on a new 'ellbrandt Grimm story where uz Greenskinz give him a good, 'ard shoeing. Whaddya mean 'e 'ands uz our 'eads on plates? Where's that editor gone? I've got a feeling I'll be using me axe sooner than I fought.

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KAL JERICO in ABOVE & BEYOND PART FOUR

SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE · PENCILS: WAYNE REYNOLDS · INKS: RALPH NORSLEY · LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

FOUR HUNDRED METRES IN... ONE HUNDRED METRES PAST THE LAST TRAP-POINT... NO SIGN OF ANYTHING YET...
WAIT, TRACK FORWARD. SOMETHING ON THE WALLS AHEAD...

IT'S MORE OF THOSE XENO-SYMBOL RUNES. NOTHING WE HAVEN'T SEEN IN HERE
I'M NOT SO SURE. THESE ONES LOOK DIFFERENT. INSTRUCT THE SERVITORS TO
14

'LOVELY.'
ALL THE FLESH COMPLETELY DISSOLVED OR BLASTED AWAY
THIS PLACE IS JUST FULL OF SURPRISES. HOW MANY *OTHER* REVOLTING AND PAINFUL NEW WAYS TO DIE CAN THERE BE LEFT TO FIND IN HERE, I WONDER?

THE TRAP'S DEAD, MADAM-INQUISITOR. THE CHARGE HAS DISSIPATED AWAY OVER THE MILLENNIA, AND ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS ENOUGH RESIDUE FOR ONE FINAL BLAST.
WONDERFUL.
QUESTION THIS IS THE SIXTH TRAP WE'VE FOUND IN THE LAST TWO HOURS, SO WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WE FINALLY RUN OUT OF SERVITORS?
OH
YES, WE NEVER DID TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR *LAST* GUNSLINGER, DID WE?
THE TRUTH IS, BROTHER, WE'RE *ALL* EXPENDABLE, BUT AS THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE TEAM, YOU'RE *EVEN MORE EXPENDABLE* THAN-
MADAME-INQUISITOR, COME QUICKLY! IT SEEMS WE'RE NOT ALONE IN HERE AFTER ALL.

THE EMBLEM OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF NECROMUNDA. SO MELMAWR'S PEOPLE ARE ABOARD NOW TOO. BUT HOW DID THEY GET AHEAD OF US SO QUICKLY?

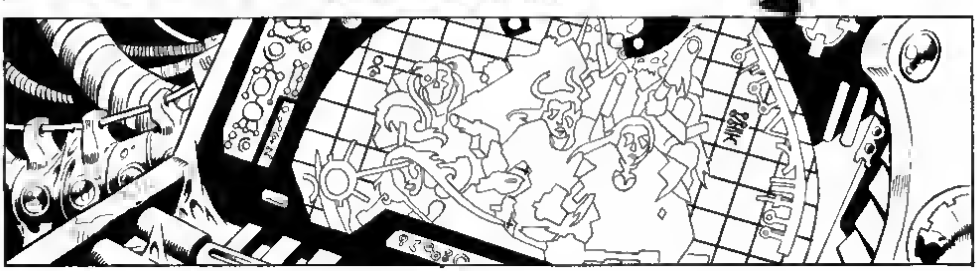
THIS IS WHERE THEY MADE THEIR ENTRY INTO THIS CENTRAL ARTERY.
MELTA CHARGES AND PHASE-DRILLS. EMPEROR KNOWS HOW MANY ALARMS THEY'VE TRIPPED ON THEIR WAY IN.
OR WHAT THEY MIGHT HAVE AWOKEN.

DOESN'T LOOK AS IF THEY WERE TOO CONCERNED ABOUT LOSING CASUALTIES ALONG THE WAY EITHER.

OH WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW WHICH DIRECTION THEY WENT IN.

AND THEY'VE EVEN OBLIGINGLY CLEARED A PATH THROUGH ALL THE TRAPS AHEAD OF US.
BLAMM BLAMM
ZAK
GUNFIRE--!

WEAPONS READY. IF THEY'RE AFTER THE SAME THING AS WE ARE THEN WE CAN'T LET THEM GET TO IT FIRST.


CLANK

THRONE OF EARTH! WHAT ORDERS, MADAME-INQUISITOR?
SCOUT TEAM, SPLIT UP AND DRAW ITS FIRE TO YOU!
HEAVY WEAPONS TEAM, PREPARE TO FIRE...
BETTER THINK FAST, LITTLE BROTHER.
FWAAM!
...SHE MEANS US, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW!
C'MON, UNDERHIVE-BOY, TIME TO PROVE YOU'RE MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE
OH, NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ME, SISTER DEAR...
I CAN LOOK AFTER MYSELF

DON'T KNOW WHO YOU SCAWERS ARE, BUT YOU'RE TRESPASSING ON ROYAL HOUSE OF HELMAWR PROPERTY. BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS TURN ROUND AND HEAD BACK THE WAY YOU CAME
NOW THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU...

IMPERIAL INQUISITION. IN THE NAME OF HIS DIVINE MAJESTY THE EMPEROR, PUT YOUR WEAPONS DOWN. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH HERE.

THIS HULK CONTAINS DANGEROUS AND HERETICAL XENO-MATERIAL. BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE IMPERIAL INQUISITION, I'M PLACING IT UNDER OFFICIAL QUARANTINE

I WON'T WARN YOU AGAIN. YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO SURRENDER.
YOU DON'T FOOL ME INQUISITION WITCH, YOU JUST WANT TO STEAL WHATEVER'S HERE FOR YOURSELF
HOLD ON BEFORE WE ALL WIPE EACH OTHER OUT, CAN I ASK A QUESTION..?

ANYONE KNOW WHAT THE SCAV *THOSE THINGS* ARE?
TO BE CONTINUED

THE SECOND TALE HAD BEEN TOLD, AND MET WITH THE SAME DEAFENING INDIFFERENCE AS THE FIRST
BUT HE IS NOT DEFEATED. THESE WERE BUT OPENING GAMBITS IN WHAT PROMISES TO BE A LENGHTY CONTEST.
HE IS PATIENT.
HE IS CONFIDENT OF VICTORY.
IT WAS FEAR, GENTLEMEN, THAT BROUGHT GOTTFRIED STEINHERZ TO ALTDORF THAT NIGHT.
NOT HIS OWN FEARS, YOU UNDERSTAND - THOUGH THE YOUNG WITCH HUNTER HAD KNOWN THAT EMOTION BEFORE, AND WOULD KNOW IT AGAIN SOON ENOUGH - BUT THE FEARS OF OTHERS.
FOR HE HAD COME TO ALTDORF IN RESPONSE TO AN URGENT SUMMONS
IN THE PAST WEEK TWO MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGES OF MAGIC - RETIRED WIZARDS OF THE CELESTIAL AND BRIGHT ORDERS RESPECTIVELY - HAD BEEN MURDERED.
FOUND GRUESOMELY SLAIN IN WAYS THAT SEEMED TO SUGGEST THEY HAD BEEN THE VICTIMS OF SOME DARK RITUAL.
UNTIL, HAVING FOUND THEMSELVES CURIOUSLY UNABLE TO SCRY THE IDENTITY OF THE KILLERS, AND FEARING THE FORCES OF CHAOS WERE IN SOME WAY INVOLVED--
--IN THE WAKE OF A THIRD MURDER, ALTDORF'S WIZARDS HAD RELUCTANTLY APPEALED TO THE FANATICS OF THE SONS OF SIGMAR FOR AID.
AH YOU MUST BE THE TEMPLAR, COME TO ADVISE US IN OUR EFFORTS.
CAPTAIN VON EILTZ OF THE WATCH, AT YOUR SERVICE

THE VICTIM WAS A WIZARD OF THE GOLDEN ORDER, I UNDERSTAND.
YES, THOUGH RETIRED FROM ACTIVE LIFE
AND, AS IN THE PREVIOUS CASES, THE KILLERS SEVERED HIS TONGUE?
HACKED IT OUT AT THE ROOT, TEMPLAR. A BLOODY BUSINESS
WERE THERE SERVANTS HERE? APPRENTICES?
ALL DEAD. THE KILLERS SLIT THEIR THROATS WHILE THEY SLEPT
BUT THERE IS NO QUESTION IT WAS THE WIZARD THEY WERE AFTER.
THE OTHERS THEY KILLED QUICKLY--

WORDS: MITCHEL SCANLON PICTURES: SHARPBROTHERS.COM

AND SO, THE WITCH HUNTER SET ABOUT HIS TASK, SEEKING BY METHOD OF REASON AND LEARNING, TO DIVINE SOME MEANING FROM THE MADNESS BEFORE HIM.
OBSERVATIONS WERE MADE, EVIDENCES WEIGHED, FACTS COLLATED
AND THEN
THIS BRAZIER IS STILL WARM IT MUST HAVE BEEN BURNING DURING THE ATTACK. HAVE YOUR MEN SIFT THE ASHES AND TELL THEM TO BRING ME ANY SOLID DEBRIS THEY FIND
CERTAINLY TEMPLAR
HAVE YOU PERHAPS REACHED A PRELIMINARY OPINION IN THIS MATTER?
YES. THE COLLEGES WERE RIGHT TO REQUEST MY ORDER'S ASSISTANCE. A DARK HAND HAS INDEED BEEN AT WORK HERE
THOUGH NOT, I THINK, ONE NECESSARILY ALLIED TO THE CAUSE OF CHAOS
BUT WHAT OF THE MUTILATIONS? THE SIGILS WRITTEN IN THE VICTIMS BLOOD? SURELY YOU DO NOT BELIEVE COMMON CRIMINALS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?
COMMON CRIMINALS? HARDLY.
TO HAVE MURDERED THREE WIZARDS – MEN PRESUMABLY MORE THAN CAPABLE OF DEFENDING THEMSELVES IN NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES - SPEAKS OF MOST UNCOMMON KILLERS
BUT NO GREAT RITUAL WAS ENACTED HERE
LOOK MORE CLOSELY AT THESE SIGILS AND YOU WILL SEE THEY ARE MOSTLY ORDINARY LETTERS WRITTEN BACKWARDS, OR OTHER EQUALLY MEANINGLESS SCRAWLS
AS FOR THE MUTILATIONS THEY WERE ALMOST CERTAINLY CARRIED OUT POST MORTEM, IN AN ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL WOUNDS INFLICTED ON THE VICTIM EARLIER, DURING A BRUTAL INTERROGATION

YOU ARE CERTAIN OF THIS?
AS A TEMPLAR OF THE ORDER OF SIGMAR, CAPTAIN, I AM NOT UNFAMILIAR WITH THE MARKS LEFT BY TORTURE.
BUT WHY WOULD THEY STEAL THE WIZARD'S TONGUE? WHAT POSSIBLE VALUE COULD IT HAVE?
YOU ARE ASSUMING THE TONGUE WAS STOLEN AT ALL. BUT THE ROPES BINDING THE VICTIM ARE TIED WITH SAILORS' KNOTS.
YOU HAVE NOT READ DURCH'S FOLK WISDOMS OF THE EMPIRE?
NO, THOUGH I FAIL TO SEE ITS SIGNIFICANCE.
DURCH WRITES OF A SUPERSTITION, COMMON AMONG SEA-FARERS, THAT THE GHOSTS OF MURDERED MEN WHISPER TO THEIR KILLERS IN THEIR DREAMS, TROUBLING THEIR SLEEP.
THE ONLY REMEDY AGAINST WHICH IS FOR THE KILLER TO CUT OUT HIS VICTIM'S TONGUE.
BUT THIS IS JUST GUESSWORK--
IT IS A LITTLE KNOWN FACT BUT, AFTER THE BONES, THE PARTS OF THE BODY MOST RESISTANT TO BURNING ARE THOSE ORGANS COMPOSED LARGELY OF MUSCLE.
THERE'S YOUR PROOF, CAPTAIN. HAD THE TONGUE BEEN OF ANY VALUE TO THE KILLERS--
-PRESUMABLY, THEY WOULD NOT HAVE LEFT IT BEHIND.
SO THEN, OUR KILLERS ARE WELL-ORGANISED, RUTHLESS, AND EITHER MARINERS BY TRADE OR HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH AMONG THEM TO HAVE LEARNED THEIR WAYS.
THAT IS STILL PRECIOUS LITTLE TO GO ON.
TRUE. BUT AS THEIR VICTIM SEEMS TO HAVE KEPT NEITHER PET NOR FAMILIAR--
--IT IS BY NO MEANS ALL WE HAVE TO GO ON.
A BLACK FEATHER

WITH THAT, GOTTFRIED STEINHERZ WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT ONCE MORE -
--NEVER PAUSING TO CONSIDER HOW OFTEN, DESPITE ALL OUR PLANS AND GRAND AMBITIONS, WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE END UNDONE BY THE MOST MEAGRE AND INCONSEQUENTIAL OF THINGS- A SEVERED ROPE, A HANDFUL OF RUSTING BOLTS,
A BLACK FEATHER
NO. THE ONLY QUESTION OF CONCERN TO HIM WAS WHY HAD THE KILLERS GONE TO SUCH LENGTHS TO DISGUISE THE NATURE OF THEIR CRIMES
A QUESTION WHICH WOULD ONLY HAVE ITS ANSWER ONCE HE FOUND HIS PREY.
NOT THAT IT WAS SO VERY LONG BEFORE WORD REACHED HIM OF SOME LIKELY SUSPECTS.
THEY CALLED THEMSELVES THE IMMORTALS--
--A RUTHLESS FREE COMPANY OF MERCENARIES FROM THE GREAT PORT CITY OF MARIENBURG, KNOWN FOR THEIR CRUELTY AND LACK OF SCRUPLES.
WITH THEIR LEADER, GEERD VAN KROEL, THE IMMORTALS HAD ARRIVED IN ALTDORF SHORTLY BEFORE THE FIRST MURDER
THOUGH FAR MORE DAMNING IN THE WITCH HUNTER'S EYES WAS THE FACT THEY WORE THE BLACK FEATHER AS THEIR EMBLEM.
LEARNING THAT IN THE IMMEDIATE AFTERMATH OF THE MOST RECENT KILLING, THE IMMORTALS HAD FLED UPRIVER TOWARDS TALABHEIM, THE WITCH HUNTER GAVE CHASE.
ONLY TO FIND, HAVING RENDEZVOUSED WITH A BOATLOAD OF BLACK POWDER FURTHER UPSTREAM, HIS QUARRY HAD TURNED NORTHWARDS UP ONE OF THE TALABEC'S MANY TRIBUTARIES
EVER RELENTLESS, THE WITCH HUNTER FOLLOWED ON--
COMING AT LAST TO AN ISOLATED RIVER CROSSING WHERE THE TRIBUTARY MET THE OLD FOREST ROAD EAST OF MIDDENHEIM

MERCENARIES? AYE, SIR THEY PASSED THROUGH HERE EARLIER
THEIR CAPTAIN EVEN SPOKE TO ME, HE DID
SERGEANT, HE SAID, TAKE AN EIGHT MAN REARGUARD AND HOLD THIS POSITION
AND IF ANYONE COMES AFTER US--
--KILL THEM.
A TRAP
NOT THE MOST UNFORESEEN OF TRAPS PERHAPS NOR THE MOST CUNNING, BUT GOTTFRIED STEINHERZ HAD BEEN CAUGHT ALL THE SAME
OUTNUMBERED, FAR FROM ANY HOPE OF HELP OR ASSISTANCE—
—HE COULD ONLY TRY TO FIGHT HIS WAY CLEAR--
KRRRSHHHH!!!
—AND SEEK SOME VANTAGE
—SOME REFUGE--
FROM WHICH TO MAKE HIS FINAL STAND
THUNK!

IT WAS THEN, AS THE DOORS BEGAN TO SHAKE UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF A MAKESHIFT BATTERING RAM, THAT GOTTFRIED STEINHERZ REALISED THE END WAS UPON HIM
THOOM!
THOUGH IT OCCURED TO HIM ONE SMALL SHRED OF COMFORT STILL REMAINED--
THOOM!!
--WHATEVER ELSE MIGHT COME--
THOOM!!
THOOMM!!!
THOOMMMM!!!
--HE COULD AT LEAST MAKE SURE HE TOOK THE FIRST MAN THROUGH THOSE DOORS WITH HIM
THOOMM!!
KRRRKKK
SHHLITCHH!
SHRRTCHH!!
SHRRRSHH!!!
SHHHHKKKK!!!
NO! PLEASE! GODS!! NN-- EAARRRGHH--
--SHHHUNNK!!!
KRAK!
TELL ME WITCH HUNTER DO YOU ALWAYS GREET YOUR ALLIES WITH YOUR CROSSBOW COCKED AND LOADED--
--OR AM I A SPECIAL CASE?
By all means, seek the truth But beware there are always dangers in the pursuit of knowledge
--from The Thoughts of Beymer the Sagacious

NEXT A LIKENESS OF ASPECT

PITY? LYSANDER? WHY SHOULD YOU PITY ME!
AS A CAPTAIN OF THE BLOOD ANGELS I LED A MERE HUNDRED WARRIORS IF I WAS PATIENT IN MY SERVICE TO THE FALSE EMPEROR I MAY IN TIME HAVE BECOME CHAPTER MASTER COMMANDING NO MORE THAN A THOUSAND TROOPS
A THOUSAND TROOPS, LYSANDER TO ME, THAT MEANS LESS THAN NOTHING NOW NOT WHEN WHOLE ARMIES AND BATTLEFLEETS ARE MINE TO COMMAND
BLOODQUEST III
5. Revelations
SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE
ART: COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

AH, BUT I DO PITY YOU BROTHER CAPTAIN...
I PITY YOU BECAUSE YOU HAVE FALLEN SO FAR AND LOST SO MUCH, AND YET ARE SO BLIND THAT YOU DO NOT EVEN REALISE THE TRUTH OF YOUR OWN DAMNATION
I PITY YOU BECAUSE YOUR SOUL IS FORFEIT NOW, AND I MOURN FOR YOU AS I WOULD FOR ANY OTHER BROTHER WHOSE WORTH TO THE EMPEROR IS LOST
BUT, MOST OF ALL I HATE YOU, LEONATOS...
I HATE YOU BECAUSE YOU HAVE BETRAYED YOUR EMPEROR AND YOUR CHAPTER, AND BECAUSE YOU HAVE BECOME THE WORST OF EVERYTHING WE ONCE FOUGHT AGAINST

HA! I MUST HAVE TRAINED YOU WELL LYSANDER WHEN I FIRST KNEW YOU YOU WERE BUT A WHELP OF A SCOUT NOVICE AND NOW YOU STAND BEFORE ME WITH ALL THE CONFIDENCE OF A CHAPTER MASTER!
DO NOT LISTEN TO THE LIES OF THIS FALSE DAEMON THING BROTHER LYSANDER
WE KNOW THE WAYS OF CHAOS, AND THIS IS BUT ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR TRICKS
AH BRAVE BUT FOOLISHLY LOYAL BROTHER CLOTEN
I AM CAPTAIN LEONATOS, CLOTEN THE SAME LEONATOS WHO TOOK YOU WITH HIM ABOARD THE EXILE THE SAME LEONATOS WHO FOUGHT ALONGSIDE YOU WITHIN THE EYE OF TERROR
NO
YOU WEAR HIS FACE AND FLESH, DAEMON-THING, BUT I AM NOT SO FOOLISH AS YOU BELIEVE...
I HAVE THE CURSE-SIGHT OF THE BLACK RAGE, AND I KNOW YOU FOR WHAT YOU TRULY ARE...

ONCE YOU CALLED YOURSELF GARSHUL THE DESTROYER AND WORE THE DEAD FLESH OF A GREENSKIN WARLORD
I SAW YOU KILLED THEN DAEMON THING I RIPPED YOUR HEART OUT AND SAW YOUR HEAD STRUCK FROM YOUR BODY
I SAW YOU DIE ONCE CHAOS FILTH I SWEAR I WILL SEE YOU DIE AGAIN

HA HAHA HA HAHA
NO! THIS CAN'T BE-!
I KNEW CAPTAIN LEONATOS HE WOULD NEVER WILLINGLY SUBMIT TO THE POWERS OF THE WARP...
IN BATTLE HE YIELDED NO GROUND TO HIS ENEMY. I CANNOT BELIEVE HIS SOUL HAS BEEN SO UTTERLY EXTINGUISHED...
IF YOU HAVE STOLEN HIS FORM DAEMON, THEN I KNOW THERE MUST BE SOME PART OF MY CAPTAIN STILL ALIVE AND STILL FIGHTING YOU
THAT IS THE PART TO WHICH I SPEAK NOW
NO
THERE IS NOTHING
NOTHING OF HIM LEFT

THERE IS ONLY I NOW LET ME SHOW YOU HOW MUCH OF YOUR PRECIOUS CAPTAIN LEONATOS REMAINS
OUR NEXT INTENDED TARGET IS THE MARSA SYSTEM, OR SO MY GENERALS AND CAPTAINS AND THE IMPERIAL SHIPS ABOARD THEIR VESSELS BELIEVE
BUT LOOK CLOSER, LYSANDER, AND WHAT DO YOU SEE ?
TWO IMPERIAL NAVY WARFLEETS WAITING FOR US THERE
A DAEMON-POSSESSED ORK WARLORD MAY HAVE FALLEN INTO THIS TRAP, BUT NOW I AM A SPACE MARINE COMMANDER, WITH CENTURIES OF TACTICAL KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE TO DRAW FROM...
WE WILL BYPASS MARSA AND THE AMBUSH WAITING THERE FOR US INSTEAD, WE WILL ATTACK THOSE SYSTEMS NOW LEFT UNDEFENDED ELSEWHERE
GREAT WILL BE THE SLAUGHTER, AND MUCH GLORY WILL I GAIN FROM THE POWERS OF THE WARP
THERE LYSANDER NOW DO YOU SEE HOW MUCH OF YOUR LORD LEONATOS IS LEFT WITHIN ME?
AND WHAT OF US? WHAT PLANS HAVE YOU MADE FOR OUR FATE?

YOUR OLD COMRADE PROTEUS HAS ASKED ME THE SAME QUESTION
HE WISHED ME TO GIVE YOU TO HIM, AS PLAYTHINGS FOR HIM AND HIS PETS, BUT I HAVE A BETTER USE FOR YOU AND HONOURABLE BROTHER CLOTEN
YOU TELL ME THAT I AM DAMNED, LYSANDER. BUT I SAY THAT DAMNATION ONLY HAPPENS ONE STEP AT A TIME
VERY WELL THEN LET US SEE WHICH OF US IS RIGHT
AFTER ALL, WE STILL HAVE A LONG VOYAGE AHEAD OF US, AND MY TROOPS WOULD ENJOY THE ENTERTAINMENT OF A DUEL TO THE DEATH BETWEEN YOU AND BROTHER CLOTEN
TO BE CONTINUED

Seekers of Doom

Dwarf Slayers in the Warhammer World

Dwarfs are very proud individuals, and do not cope easily with failure or personal loss. Should a dwarf suffer from terrible personal tragedy he will be inconsolable. The loss of his family, his hoard or failure to uphold a promise can seriously unhinge the mind of any dwarf. Young dwarfs forsaken in love often never recover from the blow to their pride. Whatever the cause, dwarfs who have suffered what they perceive to be a serious loss of honour will often forsake the fellowship of their family and friends for a life of self-imposed exile.

Leaving their home stronghold as far behind as possible they wander in the wilderness brooding on the misery of existence. Having broken with everything he holds dear, the dwarf deliberately seeks death by hunting out and fighting large monsters. The dwarfs are called Slayers. They are stern and laconic individuals, not much given to talking about themselves, and they tend to be horribly scarred as a result of their encounters with trolls, giants, dragons and other monsters.

Slayers dye their hair bright orange, and stiffen it with starch so that it sticks out at alarming angles. Their way of life invariably means that many achieve their ambition and are slain at the hands of whatever ferocious beast they have confronted. Others, the least successful ones in a sense, tend to survive either because they are the toughest, the fastest. Or the most determined. This process of natural selection weeds out all those who do not have exceptional abilities, so you can be fairly sure that any Slayer you meet is exceptionally tough, violent and psychopathically dangerous.

Slayers are a fascinating sub-cult of dwarf society, and many famous Slayers have achieved deeds of exceptional valour. Younger Slayers often band together, sometimes under the tutelage of an older master, so that they can learn all the arts of monster slaying. Slayers spend as much as possible improving their warrior skills. Although they seek death, dwarfs are incapable of deliberately fighting to lose, and so always enter fray to win.

'Beware! Skaven!' Felix shouted and saw them all reach for their weapons. In moments, swords glittered in the half-light of the burning city. From inside the tavern a number of armoured figures spilled out into the gloom. Felix was relieved to see the massive squat figure of Gotrek among them. There was something enormously reassuring about the immense axe clutched in the dwarf's hands.

'I see you found our scuttling little friends, manling,' Gotrek said, running his thumb along the blade of his axe until a bright red bead of blood appeared.

'Yes,' Felix gasped, struggling to get his breath back before the combat began.

'Good. Let's get killing then!'

From Skavenslayer by William King

Gotrek Gurnisson is certainly the most, or the least, successful Troll-slayer ever to have roamed the Old World. His quest to find death at the hands of a worthy opponent has never been fulfiled, but in his search he has slain beastmen, skaven, orcs and goblins beyond count. He has been an outlaw in the Empire and he has fought in the Emperor's armies. Rumour has it that he was once a member of the Dwarf Engineer's guild, but Gotrek never talks about his past either to confirm or deny this. No-one knows why he shaved his head and took the Slayer's Oath and no-one has ever had the courage to ask, not even his human companion and biographer, Felix Jaeger.

Gotrek has been unsuccessfully seeking a heroic death for many years now but seems just too mighty, too tough or too lucky to die! His many adventures have taken him from Tilea in the south to Norsca in the north and across the Western Sea to the lost continent of Lustria. It is rumoured that in the early days of his wandering he ventured into the Chaos Wastes and returned with his axe. This weapon may be one of the reasons Gotrek has lived so long. Its power rivals that of the legendary Axe of Grimnir borne by the the dwarf high king, Thorgrim Grudgebearer. No runesmith has been able to decipher or duplicate the ancient runes upon the axe's blade. No foe has ever been able to withstand its killing power. Since acquiring the axe Gotrek has become all but invincible in battle. The Trollslayer lost his eye holding the gate of Fort Diehl single-handed against an entire tribe of goblin wolf riders. But it seems certain that his unusual destiny will ensure that his long sought-after doom remains unfulfilled for many adventures to come.

KARAK-KADRIN (SLAYER KEEP)

KARAZ-A-KARAK

THE TEN TAILED CAT IN TALABHEIM, KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE CITY AS A GATHERING PLACE FOR RACONTEURS AND THE TELLERS OF TALL TALES.
THEY COME FOR MANY REASONS. SOME TO BOAST OF THEIR EXPLOITS, SOME TO AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN, OTHERS TO UNBURDEN THEIR SOULS OR PASS ON DIRE WARNINGS.
TALES FROM THE TEN-TAILED CAT
The Trollslayer's Tale
...AND EVEN WHEN I SKEWERED ITS STINKING BELLY, THE VICIOUS BLOODHAIRED TROLL OF BLACKFIRE PASS STILL WOULDN'T SUBMIT!
WHILST OTHERS ARE DRIVEN TO EXAGGERATION BY THE PROSPECT OF FREE ALE AND AN IMPRESSIONABLE AUDIENCE.
I HELD THAT BLADE FOR TWO HOURS BEFORE THE BEAST STILLED, AND I TOOK ITS SKIN AS PAYMENT FOR THE EFFORT!
LOOK - EVEN ITS BLOOD-RED HAIR!
...STINKS A BIT THOUGH, DOESN'T IT..?
MY TANKARD NEEDS A REFI...
...UH...
...TH-THINK I'LL JUST...UH... VISIT THE PRIVY...
WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
HO! A NEW FACE! SURELY YOU'VE A STORY IN YOU, DWARF?
THE NAME'S VORRI AXEBEARER, NOT 'DWARF' AND AYE I'VE A TALE TO TELL...
THE TALE OF A CRIMINAL WHOSE STENCH OF COWARDICE WOULD OFFEND EVEN THE LOWLIEST SEWER-RAT!

SCRIPT: SI SPURRIER • ART: CHRIS QUILLIAMS • LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON

FIVE MONTHS AGO I WAS A YOUNG DWARF FULL OF SHAME...
ETHELSRIM THE EASY HAD PUBLICLY SCORNED MY OFFER OF MARRIAGE, AND I SOUGHT ABSOLUTION IN BATTLE.
BEWARE of BEAST
Reward for it's DEATH!
YOU THERE! WHERE MIGHT I FIND THIS "BEAST"?
HEH... I THINK PERHAPS YOU SHOULD COME INSIDE...
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
LET'S CALL IT A "WORKSHOP" AND LEAVE IT THERE, EH?
WHAT IF I COULD DELIVER THIS BEAST TO YOU?
WOULD THAT BE WORTH... SAY... HALF THE BOUNTY?
IT MADE NO ODDS TO ME IF I HAD TO SHARE THE BOUNTY. I WAS MORE INTERESTED IN A GLORIOUS DEATH THAN THE MONEY ANYWAY.
DEAL.
BUT HOW DO I FIND THE CREATURE?
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT...
THIS STUFF WILL BRING THE BEAST RUNNING TO YOU.
SO HE DOUSED ME IN THAT REEKING STUFF, THEN SENT ME OFF TO SEEK MY DOOM.

DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND IT, EITHER.
GRRRRRR
YAAAAAAGH!
WHUF!
HUURK!
THAT LOATHSOME THING SLASHED, CLAWED, RIPPED AND BIT ME UNTIL IT SWEATED BLOOD.
BUT STILL IT HADN'T KILLED ME
AFTER EVERYTHING IT HAD THROWN AT ME, STILL IT HADN'T KILLED ME. THINGS LIKE THAT CAN MAKE A DWARF COCKY
KILL IT IN STYLE, I THOUGHT

I WOKE UP A WEEK LATER IN THE VILLAGE HOSTEL. IN PAIN.

THEY'D FOUND ME AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF WITH THE BEAST'S CORPSE, THEY SAID
BUT THAT WASN'T ALL...

THEY SAID THAT WHILST I'D LAIN THERE, DAZED, A TRAVELLER HAD PASSED BY..
A TRAVELLER WHO HELPED HIMSELF TO THE SKIN OF MY TROLL, AND SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES..'

THAT KRUTT WHO SCULPTED ME!

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE SEE?
I'M STILL LOOKING FOR THAT... THAT...

WHAT? WHAT'S EVERYONE LOOKING AT?
UH, N-NOTHING! HAHA! I-LISTEN... I'M INTRIGUED

"...HOW DID THAT TROLL FIND YOU SO QUICKLY?"
Calabheim
one mile
MM. I ASKED THE WISE MAN THAT EXACT QUESTION WHEN I RECOVERED
HE SAID IT WAS THE POTION THAT DID IT.
BLOODY DWARF... ANOTHER DAMNED TOWN WHERE I CAN'T GET ALE FOR FRE... ...NUH?
GRRRRR
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT STINKING LIQUID WAS HE POURED ON MY HEAD?
TROLL'S URINE
THEY'RE TERRITORIAL, SEE? DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF EACH OTHER
...THEY'LL COME RUNNING IF THEY SMELL IT.
ULP
THE END

NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY

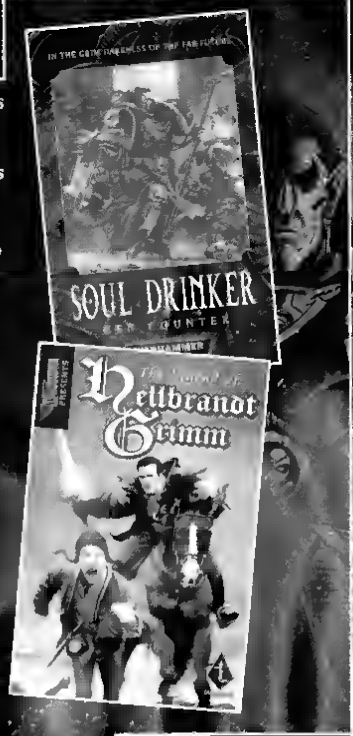
Nothing pleases the Dark Gods of Chaos like a good guy gone bad! And this month we have plenty of anti-heroes fitting that description.

First up is Soul Drinker. The Soul Drinkers are a Space Marine Chapter so fanatical in their dedication that they will only accept orders from the God-Emperor himself! When another Imperial faction steals one of the Chapter's sacred relics, the Soul Drinkers disobey orders and speed off into the warp to retrieve it. Once that line is crossed, there is no going back – no matter how devoted they are.

The creatures of the night gather once more in the Old World as the beautiful vampire Genevieve bares her fangs, hungry for blood. How can the good guys possibly prevail when the monster they seek lurks beneath such an innocent form? Jack Yeovil has penned Silver Nails, a brand new adventure featuring the vampire along with other tales set in the grim world of Warhammer.

Klovis the Redeemer wraps up his crusade in the Necromundan Underhives in part 4 of The Redeemer. This darkly humorous series has been a great success and has featured stunning full colour artwork, which has to be seen to be believed. If you missed the first three editions then grab them from your local store before they go!

As if that wasn't enough, Hellbrandt Grimm makes a welcome return, this time in his own graphic novel. The Old World trembles as enigmatic bounty hunter Grimm, plies his trade, protecting the good, killing the bad and earning a purse of gold along the way.



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INCOMING

✦

++ My thoughts on Issue 58... ++

HELLBRANDT GRIMM: Good story, with Grimm facing an ectuel supernatural thingy, but am I the only one that thinks the bleck 'n' white 'prologue' artwork is e lot better than the painted grey art thet takes up most of the story?

LONE WOLVES: Kudos to Mr Abnett for taking up the story in not quite the place expected given the ending of the last chapter. Skipping straight to the action means that we get to see more of Mr Richerdson's art. And the shot in the penultimate panel is just cool. And that's coming from someone who can't STAND spece wolves.

BLOODQUEST: The crusade werlord's unveiling wasn't really that much of a surprise, but the identity of his lieutenant certelnly was! I dldn't think we'd ever see HIM again!

KAL JERICO: The sweeping vistas of the interior of the Space Hulk are simply breathtaking; it looks like it really has been floeting in the warp for millennia. The story is damn good too, great repartee, although couldn't the inquisitor's henchmen think of other things to call Kal besides 'hive trash'?

All in all, a fething good issue. And I'm personally rather fond of Cloten's chimneys, myself.

++ Shakalooloo Doom, via the Black Library Forum ++

✦

++ Hmmm, Cloten has become a lot more likable since he started hanging around with the right sort of people. Glad you approve, hive trash! ++

✦

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NEXT ISSUE:
TO THE DEATH!

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